

The Trials of a Schoolmistress.

Teacher—(In mental arithmetic)—were three peaches on the table, Johnny? your little sister would eat one how many more would be left?

Johnny—How many little sisters have I?

Teacher—Now listen, Johnny, were there three peaches on the table, as little sister should eat one, how many would be left?

Johnny—Yes. We ain't had a peach in this year, let alone three.

Teacher—We are only supposed to be on the table, Johnny.

Johnny—Then they wouldn't peaches?

Teacher—No.

Johnny—Wouldn't they be preserved?

Teacher—Certainly not.

Johnny—Pickled peaches?

Teacher—No, no. There wouldn't be pickles at all, as I told you, Johnny.

I suppose we're now going to be put Johnny—Then there wouldn't be peaches, of course.

Teacher—Now, J. d'ny, put that your pocket or I will take it away & attention to what I am saying. These three peaches were on the table.

Johnny—Yes.

Teacher—And your little sister ate them, and then g-w-a-way.

Johnny—Yes, but she wouldn't mind her mother taking up with me.

Teacher—But don't dare do those things again! You know my little sister.

Teacher—But suppose your mother there and wouldn't let her eat but one!

Johnny—Mother's out of town and he back till next week.

Teacher—Very good, now I'll put the question once more, and you answer it correctly I shall keep y school. If three peaches were on and your little sister were to eat one how many would be left?

Johnny—That's the besting job!—There'd be any peaches left. I can grab her if Teacher (touching the bell).—They are now dismissed. Johnny White main where he is.

A Coffee-Drunkard,
Philadelphia Press.

"What a bright-eyed man," said who leaned against the cashier's desk and looked over his shoulderings last week. The man in question paid a 10-cent check and slipped out door with a jerky movement and a of the cane he carried which decided dangerous the people's peace.

"He's a coffee-drunkard!" said the

"What's a coffee drunkard?"

"A man who comes in here four two hours, so that man has this morning every morning, and takes a hell of a long time to get ready for work." "Why I'll tell you another thing condition all the time is the same as usual who gets getting over a big boom in his nerves are up in G's; his mouth all quiver, and his mental vision is always clear. He is living at a 2084 ray."

"Why does he do that?"

"Has to. Must have a brace drink rum. Had to quit that, and worse. He never sleeps, he tells me."

"Do you know many such?"

"At least half a dozen."

Moments for Farmers.
Prairie Farmer.

Farmers, especially, seem to think they have made great potatoes, very freshly prepared food, as though the same as for dinner, saying, "Hard; we must have heavy food tonight as well as at any other time, course it is, for the wife and children are likely to partake of it. They retire early, and are very apt in the morning with aching heads appetite for breakfast, which should be the hearty meal of the day. If it be desired, however, the rest will be refreshing, and in the morning the will be enjoyed, as it never can be who eat heartily at night. I tried the third meal, for five years, and myself of obstinate dyspepsia doing nothing, and after a few days did not. For those who have to be out as soon daylight at their farm-work the year seems hardly practicable to have it weak, since it makes the time too stomach at night.

For Extremist Application of Law.
San Francisco Chronicle.

A Texan gentleman and a plain Aye were discussing the usual subject in They were naturally inclined to elaborate on the subject of drinking. "Did you asked the plain Aye, 'did you ever from a ragging trip?' " "Did I ever, sir. Riding from San Antonio to one occasion I was so raging thirsty drank a whole bottle of furniture powder, and I died!" And went to water?" "Wader, wader, wader. Has a man suffering from a raging think of personal cleanliness?"

He Declined the Offer.
New York Sun.

Gentlemen (to little boy)—What going to do with the puppy, little boy the naughty young fellow, who wanted Little by (after duly considering) I guess not. You see, I'd have to give of the money to father, and I won't fun of the drowning dog. N. P. I won't sell him.

Att Is Fair In Love.
Hannapolis Journal.

The subject of matrimony, introduced to propose to his sweethearts, who was fire at him with a pistol, which her was only loaded with powder, and she had done so fell down and paled before him, and he fled like a deer, crying, calling him her darling and loved, whereupon he got up and married her.

Troubled With Ecstasy.
New York Sun.

Gentlemen—You look tired and Uncle Rastus.

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah. I do no sleep.

Gentleman—No seh?

Uncle Rastus—No, sah. Dis darky got no sleep in de watermelon season.

LOCAL NOTICES.

A Great Discovery.
Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, La., writes—"My wife has been seriously affected cough for twenty-five years, and this more severely than ever before. She urged to try remedies without relief, and I secured a box of Electric Bitters, and, with most gratifying results, the bottle relieved her very much, and the bottle has absolutely cured her. She had so good health for thirty years." Refer to bottles free at Chas. Ludlow's store. Large size \$1.

Never Give Up.
If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, or any kind of nervous disease, or any disease of a bilious nature, means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapidity with which the cure will come. You will be spirited with life; strength and vigor will return; pain and anxiety cease; henceforth you will rejoice in the use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50 cents a bottle Chas. Ludlow.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve,
The best salve in the world for Bruises, Sores, Bleeding Hemorrhoids, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chills, Itch, Ringworm, Scald Head, Burns, Cuts, Piles, or no pay required. It is sold in glass jars price satisfaction, or by mail. Price 25c per box. For sale at Charles Ludlow's.

[illegible]